

# The Musical World.

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## MADAME PLEYEL.

The approaching advent of this illustrious artist may be announced as positive. Madame Pleyel will arrive in London at the end of the present month. Her first visit to London in 1846 is remembered among the most remarkable incidents in the musical annals of the metropolis. Her course, like that of the comet, which becomes brighter and brighter as it nears the sun, increased in brilliancy as, step by step, she drew towards the centre of public love and admiration. Never was a child of genius more petted and caressed. Capricious in most of its affections, in Madame Pleyel's instance, public favour was constant, and only changed to grow in intensity. Her name was the name of the season ; her star was the loveliest and most dazzling. Whatever concert enjoyed the advantage of her co-operation was sure to be successful. In Ireland, and the provinces of England, as in London, Madam Pleyel won unanimous sympathy, and wherever she went the hearts and the hands of the multitude were hers. Her career was a chain of triumphs, uninterrupted from first to last.

Six years have elapsed since the period we have recalled. It is a bold word to utter ; but, conscious of its truth, we must proclaim that Mad. Pleyel in 1852 plays better than Mad. Pleyel in 1846. It may be advanced, that perfection cannot improve ; and that Mad. Pleyel's playing, perfection then, cannot be more than perfection now. To this we have but one answer ;—Genius does not stand still, but is for ever busy in imagining new forms of expression. Art is endless, and it is the province of genius to unfold mystery after mystery, to lay open treasure after treasure to the admiring world, until its mission is accomplished, and active creation is abandoned for tranquil contemplation. Mad. Pleyel is in the prime of life ; her genius is in the noon of its glory ; her talent is complete beyond the possibility of further progress ; but this last is only the means by which she makes the riches of her imagination subservient to the forms of art, and interprets to the multitude the busy thoughts within her ; it is her voice. Thus, while that extraordinary mechanism which alone would place Mad. Pleyel in the highest rank of pianists, cannot advance, being faultless, the spirit whose minister it is, progresses onward into the infinite domains of art ; and, as it accumulates and changes, so does it modify the mechanism, which, being the means to an end, has nothing fixed or absolute in itself. We, therefore, re-

peat that Mad. Pleyel plays better now than in 1846—which is simply asserting that her mind is still more richly stored, her art still more profoundly developed. That her coming will be hailed with unanimous delight it is almost superfluous to add.

## JENNY LIND'S MARRIAGE.

JENNY LIND is married, and to Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, or else the *Boston Transcript* is a liar on February the 6th, and, in citing the article announcing the important, interesting, unexpected, and to all the world except Otto Goldschmidt, highly unsatisfactory circumstance, we shall have transcribed a lie of the *Boston Transcript* on February the 6th. We do not believe the *Boston Transcript* was more a liar on February the 6th than usual ; nor do we believe that in citing the article in question we have transcribed a lie. A disseminator of lies, issued not by him but by another, may be likened to the receiver and the seller of stolen goods, though it is plainly impossible we can be likened, even by our enemies—had we any enemies, which we have not, and having, should care less—to receivers and sellers of stolen goods. Argal—by Crown'r's quest law, Jenny Lind is married, and to Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, amidst the unanimous protestations of society at large, which had unanimously forbidden the banns, and which Otto Goldschmidt having unanimously offended, should Otto Goldschmidt ever come forward again in public as a pianist, will teach Otto Goldschmidt not to marry another world's mistress without giving the world timely warning—we do not mean, just previously, by a paragraph in the *Boston Transcript*, or any other suspected print, but by proclamation and sound of trumpet, that the four extreme corners of the earth may be apprised. Jenny Lind's marriage is not the marriage of any body, even if she wed nobody, and this none should know better than Otto Goldschmidt. To conclude, we do not believe that Jenny Lind is married, and give free admission to our contemporaries to copy and circulate this contradiction, of which, however, we shall not attempt to defend the authenticity.

Here is the article from the *Boston Transcript*, which we give in all the luxuriance of its complete entity. To omit or change a word would be spoiling spoilt prose, and, therefore, unfair.

## JENNY LIND'S COUP D'ETAT.

The press, the public, the itemisers, and the tea-table coteries were all taken by surprise yesterday, on the appearance of the evening papers containing the announcement of the nuptials of the peerless Jenny Lind and the too happy Otto Goldschmidt. The news was rapidly disseminated to every quarter of the city. Wherever one went the announcement was trumpeted in his ear—"Jenny Lind is married!—the nightingale is mated—the bird is caged—there's no Jenny Lind now—she's a-gone-er." By eight o'clock in the evening there was not a beau or a belle, within fifty miles of Boston, who did not know the news, or had not read it in the evening papers. It was rushed into the telegraph offices, and flashed off to the east, the west, the north, and the south, and it was known in Halifax, in New Orleans, at Quebec, and St. Louis, and all along the shores of the great lakes before nightfall. It was the event of the day—Jenny Lind is married, and all America knows it.

For some days Jenny has been very busy in making calls and purchases, and put on quite a patronising air—yet no one suspected anything wrong—the itemisers of the press were unable to fathom her movements, and were unable to find a straw to make a paragraph of—she bought her parlour plants of Hovey and Co., at Cambridge—her family stores of Pierce—her kitchen utensils at Waterman's—her jewellery and plate at Jones, Ball, and Poor's. At this last place a ray of light was about to open to the world, as the order was about to be given to put the mark upon the plate and jewels; we shall have the secret now; but when the mysterious cypher was handed to the artist, the simple "O," all was darkness again. "O! what can this mean?" "Otto," "Otto of roses," was all they could make of the hieroglyphic.

Most admirably has Jenny managed this little affair. She has shown a genius for a *coup d'état*, not second to that of Louis Napoleon. The house—the silver plate—the furniture—all were bought openly, audaciously—and the fact was announced to the public through the papers; still nobody suspected what it was all for, any more than they did what the Prince President was doing. Having arranged everything, secured every post, won over General Everett and others, she took the city by surprise, and was married before her intentions were even suspected. The Benedictis tear their hair; but it is no use. The press sigh at the thought of having been headed off, but their sighs are vain. Mrs. Goldschmidt (O Jenny! Jenny!) can smile in her honey-moon cage at their despair.

Among the incidents, for which Jenny Lind remains responsible, we may mention, that the Germania Serenade Band serenaded the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Ward last evening, supposing Jenny to be within; but she had left for home at Round-hill, Northampton. As it will be expected that we give the "opinions of the press" on this memorable marriage, we subjoin from the *Courier*, the following:—

Mr. Goldschmidt has attended Jenny as her pianist for many months past. The match has taken everybody by surprise, though we must say, that we were struck with something confoundedly arch and roguish in the twinkling of her eye, when she sang "John Anderson my Joe," the last time she appeared in public in this city. Such, however, has been the discretion of the parties, that it may have been a "foregone conclusion" for years. The next song of the nightingale will of course be "Home, sweet home." May she live a thousand years and sing it every day.

Most cordially will the public acquiesce in the following from the *Journal*:—

The fair songstress, with the cautious reserve in affairs of the heart peculiar to woman, has kept her own counsel with regard to her approaching marriage, and the public will be taken by surprise. We are sure, however, that the favourite of the public will carry with her in the new relations she has formed, the best wishes of all for her future happiness.

A tag from our respected cotemporary and rival, "Cole, Black and Saroni's Musical Times," may not inappropriately, or uncharacteristically be hung on to the above. The

writer is equally an adept in spoiling the President's English.

**FAREWELL JENNY!**—It seems to be an undeniable fact that Jenny Lind is married. At first we were loth to believe it, and now we are half-inclined to be vexed about it. As a fraction of the public we are not sure but that Jenny has greatly wronged us. Did we not all love her? and by right of this affection had we not a claim for a return in kind? Indeed, Jenny, it is a question whether we, the public, might not make breach-of-promise action hold against you. We have certainly been paying you marked attentions for more than a year, which, as certainly, have not been ungraciously received. We have called you an angel, serenaded you, made you presents innumerable; we have evinced our love for you in a thousand ways, and now, without a why or a wherefore, you bestow all your own affections upon this Mr. Goldschmidt! It is a marked instance of female ingratitude and inconstancy. Heigho ho!—well! the deed is done, and there is no use in grumbling about it. Consequently, we wish you and yours all happiness, Mrs. Goldschmidt, and will only add that we trust that, though you have accepted one to be your liege lord and master, you will yet acknowledge your obligations to us, the public, and occasionally deign to charm us with your peerless singing.

**P.S.**—We entirely disbelieve the report of Jenny Lind's marriage; but, if in the face of our disbelief and disinclination, which though possible is not probable, the wedding be a truth and not an empty rumour, we shall be glad, in spite of our sorrow, to drink health, happiness and long life to herself and her enviable and most envied spouse, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who, doubtless, under the circumstances, will be healthy, happy, and long-lived, or the possession of such a treasure will have bestrood him ill, which we do not credit, and, therefore, to use the language of the *Observer*, "take our leave of him and of the subject"—of which, by the way, we have said enough, though not too much, if either.

## LORENZO DI MONTEMERLI.

(Continued from No. 7.)

At Oporto, Montemerli created a real fanaticism, and, as we learn from the articles in the newspapers, which are before us, the Portuguese placed him in the first rank, among the most renowned artists, such as Fornasari, Coletti, &c. What contributed, in a great degree, to augment the general enthusiasm in his favour, was his remarkable dramatic talent, and the striking truth with which, in a few months, he placed before them such a large variety of characters. The Duke Alphonso in *Lucrezia Borgia*, passionate and revengeful; Torquato Tasso, the prince of poets and of lovers; the Doge, Marino Faliero, sublime in his misfortunes; Don Silva, in *Ernani*, proud, vindictive, remorseless, yet chivalrous in his respect and loyalty to his king and rival, Charles V; the Alcandre, in Pacini's *Saffo*, an impersonation which made the profoundest sensation; Thom, in the *Prisonière d'Edinburgo*, a character in a totally opposite line; Tommaso, another and a different Tom, which brought out his comic talent in as strong a light as his tragic; and last, though not least, Nabucco, the daring and impious monarch, and the other, and still grander,

Doge, in the *Due Foscari*, which gave the fullest scope to his histrionic talent, so impetuous, expressive, and original. These, one and all, raised an enthusiasm very unusual in Oporto. Such signal success obtained for Montemerli the most advantageous and lucrative engagements in the Theatres Royal of Portugal and Spain, and put the seal upon his artistic career.

At this decided period of his life, however, love—that fatal and resistless passion which sometimes betters, oftener overturns the prospects of aspiring youth—came to interrupt for a time the artistic efforts of Lorenzo di Montemerli, which, from such a good beginning, augured such a prosperous issue. A young lady of noble birth, and of a mind sufficiently elevated to comprehend his own, was destined to be the future partner of his life. But what obstacles to overcome—what prejudices to dispel, in a family so illustrious, and occupying so elevated a position at the Court as that of the young lady in question! What battles to wage—what sacrifices to make before the much-desired event could be accomplished! A descendant from the viceroys of India marry an artist of the theatre!—impossible! The dramatic career, then, with all charms, must be abandoned; a fortune, already at command, must be rejected. Love, strengthened by mutual sacrifices, sanctified by mutual devotion, vanquished every obstacle. The attached pair quitted Portugal, and proceeded to France, accompanied by the young lady's father; and at Paris, in the bosom of her family, and under the auspices of her mother, the marriage was celebrated, about the end of 1845. Unable to fight against the prejudices which time alone could uproot, Lorenzo di Montemerli provisionally renounced the profession of his choice, and conducted his young wife, whose health had seriously suffered from the chagrin she had experienced before her marriage, to his own native climate, under the sunny sky of Italy, at the residence of his family, at Piombino, in Tuscany, where his own father was governor. They subsequently proceeded to Naples, thence to France, and ultimately to Milan, in the month of March, 1848, at the period when the brave inhabitants of the Lombardian capital, so long groaning under the yoke of the stranger, suddenly awoke to the stirring call of independence, that magic name which enabled them to throw off with unanimous disdain, the tyranny of the Austrians. We shall not enter into a history of this memorable revolution, in which all Italy joined as one man, while Europe looked on, and, where liberty of speech and thought was not denied, sympathised, applauded, and admired. At the first cry of "*Viva l'Italia*," the generous heart of Montemerli swelled within him; and as every good Italian was ready to expose his life for the benefit of his country, success was not slow to crown their noble efforts. Montemerli, knowing the force and discipline of the enemy, and able to calculate the threatened danger, undertook, on the very day when Milan

drove away its oppressors, to give gratuitous instruction to the National Guard of the city. He entered upon his self-imposed task with so much zeal, and displayed such extraordinary talent, that, in the space of less than a month, he had rendered 2000 men capable and willing to defy the enemy in a campaign, having not only instructed the soldiers, but the officers themselves, even to the rank of Colonel. Lorenzo's military science astonished the old generals of the empire. He was offered the rank of Colonel, which he nevertheless declined, declaring that the only reward he sought was to see the freedom of Italy secured. His influence was immense, and was exercised in all classes of society, since his conduct inspired admiration and esteem in every circle.

(*To be continued.*)

#### SCRAPS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT BY A LOVER OF MUSIC.

(Continued from Page 115.)

Who does not know the name of Leipzig, either as the market for all nations, on the occasion of the celebrated fairs which take place three times a year—as the greatest bookstore in the universe—as a celebrated university, or as the seat of the famed Gewandhausconcerts, and the principal scene of action of poor Mendelssohn, who lived and died there? When the train stopped at the frontier of Saxony, I could have told blindfolded that we had left Prussia: instead of the bluff, gruff, military voice, which all the Prussian soldiers and government "*mployés*" use, after the *highest models*, who again imitate the traditional tone of Frederick the Great (an effort which now and then makes you think of the affinity of pugnacious and pugdog), instead of those browbeating, deep-toned, short questions and answers, a singing, whining, soprano voice, comes from individuals only three-quarters of the height of the valiant Brandenburgers. You know, then, that you enter Saxony, a good-natured, chatty, ever-questioning, meddling, and over-polite species of humanity, your Saxons, full of learning and of love for the arts. How my heart beat when I strolled out to revisit the town where I had years ago spent many happy hours! I must not say that I found the town as I left it: nothing would hurt the pride of the inhabitants more. No; I found *several* new houses built along the promenade, and the formerly-existing old walls round the town gone. I even found a strong attempt at paving the streets had been made since; but, as a conscientious historian, I cannot affirm that it is as yet anything like what would be necessary to prevent you wearing continually American over-shoes, or go *en cabriolet*, a species of travelling exceedingly cheap here. Some very knowing-looking individual at a *table d'hôte*, told me that, in a few years, *there would be pavement in almost all the principal streets*; but, after this extraordinary piece of information, he looked round to see whether no spy was there to hear what he had said, as it might be taken as a political phrase—paving stones giving the idea of barricades; these speak volumes of overturning omnibuses and governments; and, as the Saxons think themselves the centre of Germany, they are anxious enough (the rulers) to keep peace, and forbid useless political "*causeries*." A curious

circumstance comes to my mind, elucidating the fear of the government. I met on my journey a gentleman who, in the course of conversation (we spoke French) finding out my speaking German, begged of me to read the Saxon "visé" in his passport-book. Although a Pole by birth, he had an English passport, signed by Lord Palmerston, having been naturalised some years ago. All countries through which he had passed had acknowledged politely the sufficiency of such a document. At Dresden, however, finding that he bore a Polish name, they had written on a page, that by an order from "on high" they had numbered each page of the passport-book, drawn threads of the national colours (white and green—the last surabounds) through it, and sealed the ends with the government stamps. Whether these precautions will put an entire stop to all further political troubles, I leave others to decide.

The first thing which attracts a stranger's notice at a German University town is the strange and fanciful costume of the students. They wear, generally, boots (called kanonenstiefeln) such as the Horseguards use, only they reach almost up to the hips—why or wherefore I never could understand. You might think that they were great horsemen. Oh, dear no!—spurs are generally worn, but only like the poor flaneurs before Chevet's, Very's, Vefour's doors, who never enter there, but stand and pick their teeth outside, that the unwary may take them for *habitués*. These high-minded, high-booted, young men would not find horses enough, even if they thought of riding, and wear them only for show, to be taken for something. I fancy it is an old custom in honour of Puss in Boots; but the Antiquarian Society might enlighten us on that subject. For the sake of keeping their heads cool, these students wear caps (embroidered with gold, silver, and colours) of such a Liliputian size that the Bluecoat boys might envy them; and some of them have their hair hanging down literally three-fourths of a yard long.

Their capacity for drinking beer is beyond belief; and they have the curious habit of sticking their little caps on their rapiers—"a species of small sword," as Walker has it, which proves that he does not know the rapiers of Leipzig. They are enormous swords, but are never used for much harm. With all these oddities of exterior, there is a world of good in those young men—a high enthusiasm for art, a liberality amongst each other which allows the poorest cobbler's son to study at the University, as he finds help everywhere; the richer help the poorer. There are beautiful voices to be found amongst the students, and a musical learning now and then which is perfectly astounding.

(To be continued.)

#### CHURCH ORGANS IN MANCHESTER.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR.—A correspondent in the *Courier* of last Saturday but one, writing on the subject of church organs, notices two, which he considers improvements on the old system of building; but I am afraid he would find that it was in appearance only, were he thoroughly to investigate the matter. A complete church organ, you are aware, consists of four distinct organs, each of which is in some respects, a repetition of the other. In the Church service the great and pedal organs are used for voluntaries, and in accompanying the chorus parts of anthems, &c.; the choir and swell organs for the general service, chanting the psalms, verse parts of anthems, &c. The choir organ, you will perceive, has the principal part of the work to do, and should therefore be fur-

nished with diapasons &c. (only on a less scale), like the great organ. In fact, it should be what it professes to be—an organ to accompany the choir. Now, in both the instances alluded to by your correspondent, the choir organs are lamentably deficient. I believe there is no open diapason in either of them, which, being the foundation stop of all organs, they scarcely deserve the name of organs at all, for no amount of solo stops can ever make up for deficiency in diapasons. Were these organs intended for a concert room it would be quite a different thing, the third set of keys would then certainly be of great use in the performance of organ concertos, &c.; but the church is not the place for these performances. Even voluntaries are by no means absolutely necessary;—in fact, a few extempore chords answer well enough. Accompanying the choir being, then, the principal object of a church organ, the choir organ should by no means be curtailed in its number of stops, but be made thoroughly competent to accompany the choir, which indeed it now has to do at the cathedral, the other parts of the organ being separated from it. Having all the four parts of the organ, then, with a proper complement of stops in each, in order to render the instrument perfect, there should be a long movement, by which the keys are brought out a considerable distance from the instrument, so that the singers are placed before the organist, by which means he can accompany them with the utmost precision. From what has been stated, it may easily be seen what are the requisites of a perfect church organ. Now how are these conditions fulfilled by those at Heathfield or Whalley Range? Heathfield organ I consider a complete failure, so far as church use is concerned; there is but little body of tone in it, what there is being thin and poor, probably owing to want of diapasons; it has no long movement, and I believe but one pedal stop; the apology for a choir organ consists merely of a few solo stops. All this, added to its ridiculous position (being placed on one side the altar rails), renders it, as I before said, for church purposes, a failure. The same thing applies in many respects to Whalley Range organ, though, so far as tone and general finish are concerned, it is very superior to Heathfield; in fact, I consider there is no comparison between the two. I am rather surprised your correspondent has not noticed the magnificent organ recently erected in All Saints' Church; it is divided into two parts, placed in recesses on each side the chancel; the keys are on the floor of the church, in front of the pulpit, and the singers stand on each side, so that the organist has a complete command of his choir, the action being carried from the instrument underneath the floor of the church; yet, I am credibly informed, it is as easy to play as one built in the ordinary manner. It is indeed quite a triumph in organ building, well worth the inspection of any one interested in the subject, as I should think there is nothing like it to be found in the kingdom—that at Westminster Abbey does not present half the difficulties of erection. Having said this much about organs, allow me to make a few observations on the silly whim of placing them in a corner of the church. At Whalley Range the organist is placed in the side aisle, the choir in the chancel;—now how can an organist accompany with precision so far off his choir? He may certainly play the organ at the same time that the choir sings, and also may be accidentally correct, but to accompany the choir is quite impossible. A curious instance of this difficulty occurred at the opening of Heathfield organ, even with Dr. Gauntlett as organist, where, in singing a chorus, the choir and organ could by no means keep together. Had the organ at St. Margaret's been placed at the west end of the church, it might have had a long movement, with stalls on either side for the singers. But after all, Mr. Editor, I dare venture to affirm there are few church organs in this town which are not amply sufficient for anything they have to do; for of what, in the generality of churches, does the musical part of the service consist?—a few psalms or chants, for which any organ would do. It is a mistaken notion, that a large organ will make an indifferent choir into a good one, or even supply the place of a good one. If I must choose between the two, I would say, let us have a good choir without organ, rather than a fine organ without choir. Before, then, we erect cathedral organs, let us see that cathedral service is established for them to accompany. Let us endeavour to get rid of the disgrace and shame of the meagre apology for music now existing in our churches, then would our service be a

delight to all who joined in it; and instead of complaints as to its length, and propositions for its division or curtailment, men would wonder they never saw its excellence before.

I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,  
February 9, 1852.  
ECCLESIASTICUS.

#### AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A PRIMA DONNA.

(From the *New York Times*.)

The event here recorded, happened at Genoa, in the year of 1849. One evening, when Lieut. A., of the U. S. Ship Jamestown (commander Samuel Mercer), was returning to his post, he was obliged to pass the city gates, where he was accosted by the guards; and not understanding the Italian language, and being somewhat independent, thought it useless to return any answer. Whereupon the guards became enraged, and summoned out the whole company. The Lieutenant not being prepared to defend himself, and without considering, rushed to the "Hotel de France," that being nearest at hand. In his flight he was pursued by the whole number of guards, consisting of about thirty men, who overtook him on the grand staircase; and although he resisted very gallantly, they overpowered him, and felled him to the earth with the points of their bayonets. All of a sudden a lady, who was about retiring for the night, rushed to the spot, and seeing the defenceless man lying on the ground wounded, urged the soldiers to desist, telling them in a few words what a "disgrace it was to attack a defenceless man," and that their behaviour was more worthy of blood-hounds than human beings; they having already, and without the slightest cause, inflicted on him two serious wounds with their bayonets, and he was still down, with the ends of their guns resting on his back. The response of the guards was merely that "they would finish him," when upon the instant the young lady, by a sudden movement, wrested from one of the soldiers his bayonet, and standing over the Lieutenant, remarked that if they killed him, it "would be through her body," on which they cried out, "death to both." The affair was so serious, that all the servants of the hotel, who had by this time rushed to the spot, fell back at a safe distance, and the mistress of the mansion (who being unwell at the time, died a few days after from the effect of this frightful sight) fell on her knees, praying to the *Virgin* to protect the young lady. However, the soldiers, notwithstanding the cries and appeals of the landlady and her servants, rushed upon the young heroine with their weapons, whereupon she exclaimed in a determined voice, "Kill me if you will," but aiming the gun which she had in her possession at the captain of the guards, cried out that "the first one who approached was a dead man." Upon which the Captain, who began to think the affair was getting serious, remarked, "Well, I wash my hands of it," and disappeared.

Having by this time ascertained that the Lieutenant was an American, the young lady told the rest of the soldiers that if they did not desist they would have the guns of the American ships upon them the next morning. Quick as they were of making use of their own small arms, they were not so anxious to have the American "great guns" upon them. They were finally persuaded to let the Lieutenant be taken to an adjoining room, where his wounds were dressed. The lady immediately sent to the American Consul, and informed him of the whole affair, which was explained to the authorities of Genoa, who were next day obliged to apologize for the behaviour of the guards. All the officers of the American man-of-war then in the harbour, called upon the fair heroine the third day after, to thank her for the great kindness and courage which she had displayed, and how much greater was their surprise when they found that the heroine of the few evenings previous was none other than M<sup>lle</sup>. MARIE MABERLINI, the celebrated vocalist, and most favourite pupil of the great master ROSSINI, and then residing at the Revere House in New York.

**THE HUNGARIAN BAND.**—This celebrated band, under the able direction of Herr Kalozdy, will commence a series of morning and evening concerts, at the St. James's Theatre, on Tuesday next. We understand that they have received Her Majesty's command to play before the Court, at the Palace.

#### HENRI HERZ.—REMINISCENCES OF HIS TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

(Translated from "*La France Musicale*," by W. Grilliers.)

Continued from page 138.

#### PHILADELPHIA.

The first time I entered a drawing-room in Philadelphia I was particularly struck with the cheerful appearance, the beauty, and the elegance of the ladies. Had I not previously been aware that in Philadelphia a taste for the arts (music in particular) prevailed to a greater extent than in any other town of America, I should certainly have guessed that such was the case. The aspect of the brilliant reunions, animated by the grace and beauty of the sex whose influence is acknowledged in every stage of our existence, would intuitively have assured me of the circumstance. A celebrated writer who travelled in America at the same time as myself, has said that the females of North America do not possess the unparalleled grace of the true Parisian, or the tender and melancholy expression of the German, or the soft large blue eyes of the Swede, nor the ardent regard which flashes from the silken lashes of the *Ninas* of Cadiz. He, however, would only have been just had he made an exception in favour of the Philadelphian ladies, for they not only possess somewhat of all these characteristics, but in addition their forms are elegant, their physiognomies regular, and fresh as blooming flowers, which only appear to attain so dazzling a perfection in the privileged country of America. At least, this is the impression I had the first soirée I gave in Philadelphia.

Of all the towns of the Northern States not one will be found in which education and intelligence are diffused to such an extent as in Philadelphia. The richest of its inhabitants fearlessly avow the repulsion they experience by the gross immorality of severa states. And how can it be otherwise? The refinement and moral effect which the cultivation of the fine arts bestows on its disciples, must naturally increase their abhorrence for such a lax morality as may unfortunately be found in many of the American states. Franklin, when a young man, settled in Philadelphia, and nobly finished his long and useful career by implanting in this city a taste for study and the arts, and which to this day distinguish it from any other American city. It possesses numerous public libraries, and it has an annual exhibition of paintings and sculpture by American artists. In the midst of the commercial whirlwind by which the city is still enveloped, the arts have not been able to attain a full perfection; but I do not doubt but that, sooner or later, an oligarchy will be founded which, like those of Venice, Florence, and Genoa, will boast of its Titian, its Veronese, its Michael Angelo, and its Benvenuto Cellini.

The theatres, and particularly the opera, are the most pleasing pastimes of Philadelphian society. They can generally boast of a numerous audience, and I was told they were all in a prosperous condition. In this respect they are more fortunate than the theatres of France, which are kept open amidst the splendour of a refined civilization with so much trouble and so little profit.

A large number of music publishers are to be found in Philadelphia, and I can with truthfulness vouch both for their honesty, fair dealing, and intelligence. They edit the compositions of native resident composers, but the profits that might accrue from these publications would be too limited; so that reprinting the works of European composers again, in this instance forms the principal source of their income. I saw Philadelphian reprints of the musical works of many of our most celebrated composers, and I was grieved to see that the outward appearance had met with far more attention than the substance. If Germany did not share the spoils and dispute the profits of American publishers by its importation of cheap editions of reprints, the gains of America would be immense. It is indeed high time that such an illicit traffic should cease, although it aids in a wonderful manner to diffuse and propagate a taste for literature and the fine arts in a country where democracy is by no means favourable to the development of thought or noble and enlightened aspirations.

Philadelphia also boasts of several learned and literary associations, and a Philharmonic Society, the funds of which have been so carefully managed that a short time after its foundation a large extent of ground was purchased and a magnificent concert-room built, which will contain two thousand people. The able director and manager of the Philharmonic Society is Mr. Butler, the husband of the celebrated English tragedian, Fanny Kemble Butler, who is a rich capitalist and a most distinguished performer on the flute, and it cannot be said that any institution of this kind in Europe possesses a more intelligent, active, or devoted director. It may perhaps be remembered that the wife of Mr. Butler, the gifted Fanny Kemble, gave in my concert room last winter (1851) several lectures upon the tragedies of the immortal Shakespeare, and the immense success which attended an exhibition so new and strange to our literature.

The most celebrated musicians in Philadelphia are MM. Thorbeck, Magnan, Crosse, and Phillips. I also met a very clever composer, Mr. Fry, who is the brother of the late director of the Italian Opera of New York. He is the composer of several operas, amongst which is one entitled *Leonora*, and which is played in Philadelphia with great success. I have seen the engraved score, and found some graceful and pleasing melodies with orchestral accompaniments that none but an ingenious and talented musician could have penned. On my return I was not surprised to hear that Mr. Fry had visited Paris, and had essayed to have his opera *Leonora* represented on our lyric stage. This opera would have met with success, and the performance, on a French lyric theatre, of the work of an American composer would not have been a circumstance devoid of interest.

#### MY CONCERTS IN PHILADELPHIA.

I gave a vast number of concerts in the *Music Found Hall* in Philadelphia; but though this is an immense building, it was insufficient to contain the numbers of people who crowded at each succeeding concert. Seeing this increasing influx, I determined on an innovation which created great surprise on its first announcement.

There is in Philadelphia an immense building which serves to exhibit a *Chinese Museum*; around the inside there is a wide and commodious gallery which can easily contain from four to five thousand people. I decided on taking this room for one evening, and I announced a *Monster Concert*. On the day on which the concert was to take place, I had an orchestra built in the centre of the building; this had never previously been thought of. About four in the afternoon, on my leaving the rehearsal, I was much surprised to see an immense crowd already in waiting, as the doors did not open till seven, and the number of people continually increased up to that time; never had the doors of the *Chinese Museum* been besieged by so vast a crowd. The building was thrown open punctually at seven, and a few minutes after there was not a vacant seat in the room or the gallery, and I caught sight of some elegant and well-dressed ladies standing on the stairs leading to the galleries. I never remember to have been before a more numerous or select audience than was there assembled. It was a quarter of an hour before I could reach my piano, the crowd was so compact. I must avow that I experienced a moment of anxious fear. I was troubled at the sight of the imposing mass. Besides I was fearful lest the sounds of the piano should not penetrate, or be heard by the whole of the assembly, and it was not without an effort that I regained my ordinary calmness. However, at the end of the first piece the whole of the audience joined in the most uproarious applause, the satisfaction was general, and my success went far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I afterwards learnt that not a single sound had been unheard by the immense and attentive multitude.

I was fortunate enough to have been aided in this, as also in the concerts I had previously given, by a lady whose acquaintance I made in a most singular and remarkable manner. On my first arrival in Philadelphia, this lady, whom I did not then even know by name, had presented herself, and requested an audience of me; when she was admitted, she could not utter a syllable, but burst into tears, and after much hesitation, she gathered courage enough to say that she felt herself very culpable towards me, and came to solicit a pardon, without which she would be for ever unhappy.

My astonishment was very great; I did not know what to imagine, and I could not say anything to this poor woman who so humbled herself, for she awakened no recollection whatever in my memory. She at last told me that she was a pianoforte player, and had resided some time in Paris, where she had frequently seen me. She had afterwards gone to Philadelphia and had presented herself as one of my pupils. This cheat had marvellously succeeded, for she could hardly attend to all her pupils, so numerous they were. A word from me might ruin her, and this was the source of her grief. I cheered her as much as possible, and to set her mind at ease, we arranged that she should come and study under my direction the whole of the time I remained in Philadelphia. In a short time, she made an amazing progress, and before my departure I could, without belying my conscience, say that she really was my pupil. If I rendered her this service, I must say that on her part she never neglected an opportunity of serving me, and on several occasions I found her assistance of the utmost necessity, and I cannot but praise the zeal and devotedness with which she more than repaid me.

#### A LIST OF THE WORKS OF PAGANINI IN THE ORDER THEY WERE PERFORMED BY HIM IN ENGLAND.

- 1.—Sonata Militaire, on the fourth string.
- 2.—Variationi Sul Tema, "Nel cor piu," for violin solo.
- 3.—Sonata Sentimentale Sulla Preghiera di "Pietro L'Eremita," followed by a theme with variations on the fourth string.
- 4.—Variations on the Neapolitan Canzonet, "The Carnival of Venice."
- 5.—Recitative and Variations on three airs, performed on the fourth string.
- 6.—Sonata Maestosa Sentimentale, with Variations on a theme by Haydn, for the fourth string.
- 7.—Variationi Sulla Danza delle "Streghe alla noce di Benevento."
- 8.—Larghetto and Variations on the Rondo, from "La Cenerentola."
- 9.—Gran Sonata di un Canto Appassionato e variazioni Sopra un Tema Marziale, on the fourth string.
- 10.—Larghetto Recitativo e Variationi Sulla Cavatina, "Dintanti Palpiti."
- 11.—Sonata, with Variations on a Theme from Voygl's Opera, "L'Amor Marinaro."
- 12.—Preludio e Fandango, with fanciful Variations.
- 13.—Sonata Amorosa Galante e Tema con Variationi.

Also a piece called, I believe, "The Vagaries of a Farm Yard," with imitations of the crowing of cocks, &c. &c.—(Communicated by Antonio Minasi, Esq.)

#### Poetry.

##### THE TONGUE OF FIRE.

By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

"Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then  
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men."  
LOWELL.

I hear December's biting blast,  
I see the slippery hail-drops fall—  
That shot which frost-sprites laughing cast  
In some great Arctic arsenal;  
I lean my cheek against the pane,  
But start away, it is so chill,  
And almost pity tree and plain  
For bearing Winter's load of ill.

The sombre sky hangs dark and low,  
It looks a couch where mists are born—  
A throne whence they in clusters flow  
Or by the tempest's wrath are torn.

I turn me to the chamber's Heart,  
Low pulsing like a vague desire,  
And strike an ebon block apart,  
Till up there springs a Tongue of Fire !

It hath a jovial roaring tone,  
Like one rebuking half in jest—  
Yet ah, I wish there could be shown  
The wisdom that it hath express—  
Or, sinking to a lambent glow,  
Its arched and silent cavern seems  
A magic glass whereon to show,  
And shape anew, our broken dreams !

I vow the Fiery Tongue hath caught  
Quaint echoes of the passing time ;  
Thus laughs it at my idle thought,  
My longing for a fairer clime :  
“ So—so you'd like some Southern shore,  
To gather flowers the winter through,  
As if there were on earth no more  
For busy human hands to do !

“ You'd like to doze in myrtle bowers,  
And taste the *far niente* cup,  
And, doused by odour of the flowers,  
Your soul to scarcely waken up !  
Or if aroused by random shaft  
To miss your Northman's priceless pearl,  
And know it melted in that draught  
You had not strength away to hurl !

“ Oh, keep your pearl—your Saxon Heart  
And all the jewels round it hung :  
Ye English, do your noble part  
And teach it with unfettered tongue :  
Hold out your Freedom for a light ;  
Let darkened Europe not despair,  
Though like a raft-tossed crew at night,  
Strange perils now the Nations share !

“ And guard your Own !—In this, oh mark  
High duty and the world's far fate ;  
Thou art poor deluged Europe's Ark,  
Her fortunes on thy safety wait ;  
And,—couching lion at her feet,—  
In all her matron graces drest  
Let free Britannia smiling greet  
Her radiant Daughter of the West !

“ The broad Atlantic flows between  
But love can bridge the ends of earth ;  
Of all the lands my race have seen  
These two the rest are more than worth ;  
Not for their skies, or fruits, or gold,  
But for their sturdy growth of Man,  
Who walks erect, and will not hold  
His life beneath a tyrant's ban.

“ Yet do not curl your lips with scorn  
That others are not great as ye ;  
Your fathers fought ere ye were born  
And died that thus it now should be ;  
I tell ye spirits walk unseen,  
Excepting by the soul's strong sight ;  
Hampden and Washington I ween  
Are leaders yet in Freedom's fight ;

“ And shadowy hosts I need not name  
Are Legions in the cause to-day,  
From dungeon's rack, and martyrs' flame,  
Their spirits mingle in the fray ;

See how their sorrowing eyes look down  
On every craven's drooping head :  
Oh, be your loftier nature shown  
If but in homage to your Dead ;

“ Think how they bore the knife, the cord,  
The scaffold's hideous triumph car ;  
The sharpest sword of cruel word,  
Before you were what now you are ;  
So neither nourish idle pride,  
Nor sigh for sweets the south has blent ;  
I vow I could such weakness chide  
If my hot breath were not so spent.”

It ceased ; but oh, it's words of fire  
Had dropped upon my Northman's heart,  
Rebuked a moment's vain desire,  
And slain it like a hunter's dart ;  
Oh, welcome now the slippery hail,  
And welcome winter's biting blast  
Ye braced our sires ; they still prevail  
Who triumphed through the stormy past

And as beside the ruddy blaze  
We muse or talk of mighty things,  
In clarion tone one little phrase  
Still through the heart's deep echoes rings—  
“ Our Hearts—our Homes—beyond compare !”  
Those charmed circles whence there rise  
The steadfast souls that do and dare,  
And shape a Nation's destinies !

There, pile the faggots high—aslant—  
And let them crackle out their hymn—  
There is no logic—that I grant—  
In wiifly word of woman's whim :  
And yet I feel the links that glide  
‘ Twixt English Hearths and Liberty,  
And track how We—our truest pride—  
Firs sheltered Her Divinity !

*Ladies' Companion, March 1852.*

### Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—We owe Miss Fitzpatrick an apology for having so long delayed to notice her appearance at this theatre, which has at once placed her in the centre of the dramatic circles of the Metropolis, and raised her to the highest station in that branch of the art to which she has devoted herself. Her performance of Helen in *The Hunchback*, which we witnessed a few nights ago, we have already noticed more than once, during her recent engagements at Sadler's Wells. Her reading throughout the part is unexceptionable, and whatever defects of inexperience remain in the execution are abundantly atoned for by the youth, personal appearance, and promise of the fascinating artiste. It is to Miss Fitzpatrick's credit that she is seen to most advantage in a small theatre, where the laughing graces of her countenance, and the motions of her sylph-like form, can be best appreciated. At the end of the play she was called forward to receive the verdict of the audience in a compliment of bouquets. Mr. Anderson's Master Walter is one of the best and most even performances we remember to have witnessed from him. Of Miss Fauci's Julia, with its electric bursts of passion, it is needless to speak.—G.

MARIONETTE THEATRE.—On Monday a new musical farce was produced, called *Poll Practice, or the Secrets of Suffrage*.

The scene represents a Barber's shop during the electioneering for a suburban borough. The hero of the piece is a barber, who is successively solicited for his vote by the agents of three candidates, a Conservative, a Jew landlord, and an Irishman. The first applicant for his vote bribes him with the promise of a promissory note for £20 in return for his favour; the Jew threatens him with an execution for arrears of rent, if not given in favour of *his* client; and the Irishman, who is the successful applicant, obtains the sought for vote by presenting him with a lottery ticket, which he swears to be worth six hundred pounds. After the barber has decided and given his vote to "Paddy," he finds out too late, that the bribe, offered and accepted by him, turns out to be valueless; the house on whom the note is drawn, is shown to be in a state of bankruptcy; the lottery ticket a "do," the Jew having at last the best of it by placing a couple of officers in possession. The amount of arrears for rent is £50, which, however, is soon arranged by the daughter of the barber (a sum of money having been opportunely left her by a deceased aunt), and the execution is withdrawn, the daughter gaining the consent of her father to her marriage with his apprentice, in return for her generosity. The puppets engaged in the piece are well dressed, and the scenery is exceedingly good, every minutiae of the hairdresser's requirements being truthfully elaborated. Some very clever skits upon political matters are introduced, and also parodies upon well-known ballads. Among those that deserve notice is "Happy Man," and "Do not tingle;" the latter parody being capitally sung, and gaining an enthusiastic encore. An operatic scene from *Linda di Chamouni* in the Manager's Room is exceedingly clever, and obtained great applause. The piece was very successful, and the theatre very full.

**NEW STRAND THEATRE.**—A farce, more than usually neat in construction, and written with much smartness, was brought out on Thursday night under the title of *Matrimonial Prospectuses*. The plot is simple enough. An elderly gentleman and lady, who are respectively members of two match-making societies, formed on the joint-stock company principle, are on the look-out for victims. The gentleman baits his hook with a lawyer's clerk, whom he passes off as a man of fortune, and the lady dresses up a milliner's girl, whom she passes off as an heiress. The designers are foiled according to a very old principle of retribution. They entrap one another, and are not able to withdraw their bait, the young people having become seriously attached. This trifle is a little too much spun out in non-essential parts, and not enough is made of the matrimonial society, which is an original and ingenious idea. Nevertheless, the whole is neatly and pleasantly worked out, and the triumph of youthful sincerity over aged artfulness is sure to make a pleasing impression. The acting of Mr. W. Lacy as the clerk overflowing with rhodomantade, of Mrs. Selby as the "carneying" female speculator, of Miss Maskell as a simpering *ingenue*, of Mr. Attwood as the brave businesslike impostor, and of Miss Saunders as a saucy giggling servant-of-all-work, contributed much to the general success. The author is Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has distinguished himself as the writer of several dramas, short indeed, but always smart and elegant.

#### Reviews of Music.

No. 1.—THIRTEENTH OVERTURE FOR A FULL ORCHESTRA. Composed by Haydn Wilson, arranged as a Duett for the Pianoforte by the author.

No. 2.—A FANTASIA FOR THE PIANOFORTE, in which is introduced "God save the Queen," with Variations. Composed by Haydn Wilson.

No. 3.—STAR OF THE BRAVE—Glee for three voices. Written by Lord Byron. Music composed by Haydn Wilson.

No. 4.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE—Second Set of Waltzes for the Pianoforte. Composed by Haydn Wilson.—T. E. Purday.

Mr. Haydn Wilson is known to a certain circle as a ready *improviste* on the piano, and, if we be not mistaken, on the organ. His talent in its double application should be respected. We, therefore, call respect to it. Mr. Haydn Wilson is also known as a voluminous composer; and as we fear that his works are not so familiar to the public, or that the public is not so familiar with his works, as might be pleasant and desirable to both parties, we trust that this allusion to them in the columns of the *MUSICAL WORLD* may make the music of Mr. Wilson and the musical public better acquainted, or, better, acquainted. It is with this view we call acquaintance to them.

The four compositions named above, with which Mr. Haydn Wilson has favoured us, are only a few from a vast stock. Whether all the stock exists in print, or not, we are unable to say. We are pleased, however, to speak well of the examples before us. No. 1, an overture, the thirteenth, is vigorous and well written. It is in E major, for four hands, or two performers, and consists of one movement, which the composer characterizes at the signature as "*a la Haydn*," whereby we presume is intended "*a la Haydn Wilson*," since, were it not signed "Wilson," a keen Haydnite would not guess it to have fallen from the pen of the father of the orchestra. The "thirteenth overture," once known and admired, will probably lead to some inquiry after the preceding twelve. If not, it cannot be laid to our charge.

No. 2, a *fantasia*, commences with a closely-written introduction in the keys of C major and A minor, which, after two pages of development, leads to "God save the Queen," pitched in the same tone, newly harmonised, and boldly. Eighteen variations, preserving amidst their variety the new harmony, and bold, with which Mr. Haydn Wilson has delivered the theme, except when that was impossible, and when Mr. Wilson candidly and ingeniously adopts another, follow, and bring the *fantasia* to a wind-up. In the first variation, an independent treatment of dissonance will be remarked in the last bar, line 1, page 5, and in the course of the remaining seventeen variations other peculiarities loudly call for notice, but want of space forces us unwillingly to be deaf to the call. We must, therefore, be content to pass on to the next, much as we should wish to have descended upon the harmony and notation of variation 9, which are absolutely, and entirely, and exclusively Mr. Haydn Wilson's property. Long may he guard it!

The next, then, No. 3, is, as we have written above, a second set of waltzes, under the title of the "Crystal Palace." The title is not new, but the waltzes, if not new, are playable, and, indeed, as good as many sets that are ushered into the world with greater pomp and lithograph. The best numbers are decidedly No. 8, in G, and No. 10, in E flat, except No. 11, in D, which, however, is not so elegant as the others. We recommend these waltzes to waltz-players as honest specimens of what they pretend to be—that is to say, waltzes without pretension.

No. 4, "Star of the Brave," sets out as a glee in three parts, and terminates as a glee in three parts. An *allegro*, page 4, in B flat, on the words, "Like lava roll'd thy stream" (which will be immediately recognised as Lord Byron's by those who have read the original, and whose memories are not treacherous), betrays a decided tendency to fugue. The whole is voiced effectively, and we have little doubt of its good effect when carefully executed.

**THE SONG OF AN EMIGRANT'S WIFE**—Adapted to the music of "The Campbells' Pibroch"—Arranged with pianoforte accompaniments. Dedicated, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Argyle.—Leader and Cock.

The words of this ballad are composed of a fragment of Robert Burns' for the first stanza, and two verses added by an amateur. The amateur's name is not expressed, but his lines are respectable, and suit well the stirring theme of the Pibroch. The admirers of

Scotch tune and Scotch sentiment cannot fail to be pleased with "The Song of the Emigrant's Wife."

**THE LIMERICK CASTLE POLKA**—By G. Raskopf. Distins and Co. We can recommend this polka as a tuneful polka, an exhilarating polka, and, in short, as one of the prettiest and most sparkling polkas that has fallen under our pen for some time. The composer must try his hand again on polkas—not that there is any dearth of polkas—*tout au contraire*—but that good polka writers are not to be had every day.

No. 1, "SIETE BELLO"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Musica di Luigi Gordigiani.  
 No. 2, "TRA LA LA"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Ditto.  
 No. 3, "SALUTI"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Ditto.  
 No. 4, "DORMITE"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Ditto.  
 No. 5, "MORIRE D'AMORE"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Ditto.  
 No. 6, "ROSETTINA"—Canto Popolare Toscano—Ditto.  
 No. 7, "CHE"—Romanza—Parole di A de Lauzieres—Musica di Luigi Gordigiani—T. Boosey and Co.

As each of these songs, with the exception of Number 7, bears the designation of "Canto Popolare Toscano," we presume that the melodies are national tunes, and that M. Luigi Gordigiani's share is confined to the accompaniments. Of these no musician need be ashamed, since they are written invariably in a manner suited to the respective melodies to which they are allied, besides being highly finished and correct. None of them is difficult, yet none of them is trifling. The melodies themselves have occasionally a strong resemblance to other popular melodies, and this is especially the case with Nos. 2 and 3, "Tra La La," and "Saluti," both of which are very pretty, but have a family likeness traceable to some well-known and familiar tune of which the name at this moment escapes us. We like all the six, but recommend, as examples to our readers, No. 5, "Morire d'Amore," and No. 6, "Rosettina." The first is a plaintive slow air in A minor, which with the thoughtful, and by no means common accompaniment of Signor Gordigiani, might easily pass for Schubert's. The second is a charming bagatelle, fresh, gay and graceful; attractive both for its sparkling melody, and for the neat, tasteful, and effective manner in which it is accompanied. This perhaps, on the whole, is the best of the set.

No. 7, "Che," to some quaint and pretty words of Mons. de Lanzieres, shows that even Signor Gordigiani, if not the author of the six popular Tuscan songs, is quite capable of inventing tune for himself. It is a very elegant song, expressive, unaffected and natural, and vocal to boot. If what we have said attract the attention of concert singers to M. Gordigiani, we shall be much pleased.

"LATE HOURS"—Composed expressly for, and sung by, Miss Poole—Words by W. H. Bellamy—Music by Charles W. Glover.—G. Case.

Mr. Bellamy's lines are pointed and terse, and convey a pretty legend, something in the "Young Lochinvar" style, in neat versicles. The last stanza, however, we think, might have been written with more elegance. "They brought it (his breakfast) him hot," is not a very dignified, or even neat poetical manner of expression. This excepted, and perhaps one other line, the words are good and striking. Mr. Chas. Glover's melody is not particularly original or flowing. It is, however, written well to the words, is singable, and lies capitally for the voice.

### Original Correspondence.

#### LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—On what grounds did the LONDON Sacred Harmonic Society announce a performance for the evening of February 27, 1852, as a centenary performance? I should have thought their *Handelian* conductor or some of the directors would have known better.

Pray tell them that *Samson* was written in 1741, the concluding solo and chorus being subsequently added, and was first performed at Covent Garden in the Lent of 1742-3. Also tell them that centenary means one hundredth.

#### Q IN THE CORNER.

#### NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. (To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Understanding that there is a probability of the occasional performance of sacred music by this new Society, allow me to suggest the propriety of their bringing forward Cherubini's Masses, which are—with shame be it spoken—almost totally unknown in this country, except to a select few.

I beg particularly to recommend to the notice of the Directors the Grand Masses in F and D, which, for variety, expression, and magnificence of vocal and instrumental effect, I consider univalled.

The Mass in F is for three voices only, throughout, viz., soprano, tenor, and bass—soli and chorus. Though this arrangement at first sight appears somewhat singular, still the vocal effects are superb. Cherubini has lavished all his wonderful knowledge of counterpoint throughout this Mass; and I need only point to the "Quoniam," with its grand fugue in F, "In gloriam Dei Patris," and that in B flat, "Et vitam venturi," in three-time, presto, as glorious specimens of his skill.

The Mass in D is for four voices—soli and chorus, and is quite as splendid as that in F, but totally dissimilar; it contains two exquisite solo quartets—the "Et in Spiritum sanctum," in G, and the "Benedictus" in C. The "Kyrie," in D minor, and the "Gloria," in D major, are especially superb; and the great fugues "Kyrie Eleison," in D minor, "Cum sancto," in D major, and "Amen" in the Credo, in G, are in Cherubini's best style.

These Masses are undoubtedly difficult to perform; but in these times, when the great choral works of Mendelssohn and Beethoven are frequently executed, they would not be too severe a task, and they only require to be known to be appreciated. The talented conductor of the New Philharmonic Society, M. Hector Berlioz, is doubtless acquainted with their manifold beauties, as they are well known at Paris.

Apologizing for the length of this letter,

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
AN AMATEUR.

London, 26th Feb., 1852.

P.S.—I have the full scores of the above-mentioned Masses in my possession.

#### LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new series of six came off on Wednesday, and constituted a happy prologue to Mr. Stammers' present set of entertainments. That Mr. Braham's name is "a tower of strength," is a truism trite as "sugar is sweet," or, "life may be likened to a stream;" but truisms, nevertheless, have their uses, as collaterals, if not as premises, in reasoning, and to reject them on account of their commonness, would argue no proof of sense. Therefore, we say, Braham's name is a "tower of strength," as was copiously and incontrovertibly made manifest on Wednesday evening, when Exeter Hall was crowded on the occasion of his second appearance at Mr. Stammers's Concerts, and the last but six of his final performances in public.

Mr. Braham's reception was one of thunder. His first song was Handel's "Total Eclipse" from *Samson*, and never did the glorious tenor display, in a manner not to be mistaken, and patent to the dullest apprehension, a nobler method, a larger and broader style, energy impossible to be surpassed, pathos not to be equalled. If no other advantage accrued from Mr. Braham's singing in public, that alone

would exist of his proffering himself to all tenors, rising and risen, as the grand model of the true Handelian school, whose equal, nor time, nor place, has yet furnished, and which it would be well if singers would hear and profit by. As an interpreter of sacred music, even now, John Braham has no compeer. In hearing him in Handel's divine strains, as we attempt to draw a parallel between him and his contemporaries, we are forcibly reminded of the lines of an elder poet, who thus compares the stars with the moon :—

"Ye meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your numbers than your light!  
Ye common people of the skies!  
What are ye when the MOON shall rise?"

Mr. Braham produced a profound effect in the "Total Eclipse," which has always been considered as one of his grandest efforts. The second essay of the great veteran was in the "Fine Old English Gentleman," which again, as on the first night, excited a veritable *furore*, and was again encored in a tornado of applause. Mr. Braham also introduced, to fill up a gap left vacant by the secession of one of the announced artists, the popular old song—"Stand to your Guns," which also was encored with vehement applause. His other songs were, "A man's a man for a' that," and the "Bay of Biscay"—the last, of course, provoking an electric encore. Thus, Mr. Braham sang, in all, seven times, and maintained his power and energy undiminished to the last note.

For the rest of the entertainment we must needs be brief in our comments. Foremost amongst the competitors for popular favour came the young and charming Arabella Goddard, who enchanted her audience with her brilliant and splendid performance of Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia, which being tumultuously encored, the fair pianist substituted one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Miss Arabella Goddard also joined M. Alexandre Billet in Osborne's duet, for two pianofortes, on airs from the *Huguenots*, a grand display of mechanism and power on both sides.

Of the other performances we would single out, as deserving of especial notice, Miss Alleyne's "Lo! here the gentle lark," most beautifully rendered, and admirably accompanied on the flute by M. Remusat. Miss Alleyne also sang Handel's "Rejoice ye greatly," which would have been more striking had the fair songstress infused a little more fire and energy into it. With so charming and capable a voice as Miss Alleyne possesses, and so excellent a method, she ought to be equal to anything. A word to the wise.

We were much pleased with a fantasia on the violoncello by Herr Lutgen, who has a delicious tone on his instrument, and executes perfectly. This gentleman's talent is certain to command attention. M. Soualle, also, greatly delighted in a solo on the saxophone, a fine instrument of the bass clarinet kind, which he played to admiration.

Among the vocal novelties we have to notice Mr. George Tedder, who obtained a loud and well-deserved encore in "The Thorn," in which he exhibited a fine and powerful tenor voice, worthy of better things than Shield's time-worn ballad; and Signor Onorati, who, in two of Verdi's romances, showed a strong, high barytone voice, not devoid of expression. These two artists should not be lost sight of.

Miss Messent introduced "Softly sighs the breath of evening," from *Freischütz*, and an Irish song called "They won't let me out." The last *morceau* we think quite un-

worthy of Miss Messent's talent. It is low and vulgar in sentiment and feeling, and, in our estimation, has not a recommendation either in the words or the music. Many of the audience, however, thought differently, and encored it, which was entirely owing to the *naïve* and pointed manner in which it was delivered by the fair artist.

We have only room to say that the remaining items of the programme were allotted to Miss Sophie Lowe, the Misses Wells, Miss Rose Braham, the Misses Brougham, Miss Stabbach, Mr. Wallworth, and Mr. Swift; and that several encores were awarded. The Misses Brougham, in Clement White's pretty and sparkling duet, "Tell, sister, tell," were loudly applauded, but resisted the encore, and merely returned and bowed their acknowledgments. Four overtures, played by the band, not extravagantly well, were too many for one night. Mr. Anschuez conducted, and M. Billet presided at the piano in his usual masterly manner. The next performance is announced for Wednesday week.

### Provincial.

**WINCHESTER.**—(From a Correspondent)—The Amazon Concert was given at St. John's Rooms on Monday week. The attendance was good, and £26 14s. was realised for the charity. The first part was devoted to Sacred Music, sung by Mrs. Conduit, Mrs. Griffith, and one of the Cathedral Choir. In the second part, miscellaneous, Miss Kate Loder played Prudent's fantasia on *Lucia* very finely, and was loudly applauded. She also played in the first movement of Reissiger's trio in D minor, with Mr. Ridgeway, (violin), and Mr. Conduit, (violoncello). Mr. Dawson, a counter tenor, from the Cathedral, was encored most deservedly, in a ballad by H. Bayley. He has an excellent high voice. Miss Kate Loder performed three of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* so brilliantly as to elicit an unanimous encore, when she substituted the same composer's "Rondo Capriccioso." Mr. Conduit was conductor.

**NANTWICH.**—(Abridged from a Correspondent)—A Morning and an Evening concert was given at the Assembly Rooms, which closed the winter season of the concerts of the Mechanic's Institution, on Tuesday, the 17th ult. Vocalists: Mrs. A. Newton, Miss Lizzy Stuart, and Mr. Leffler;—Instrumentalists: Mr. George Lake (concertina), and Messrs. Lake and Kingsbury (pianoforte). The morning concert was miscellaneous; the evening, ditto. In the first, Mrs. Newton produced a great effect in H. Farmer's new ballad, "I love, but I mustn't say who." At night the audience was more warm, and called for many pieces twice. Mrs. Newton was encored in nearly everything, and Miss Lizzy Stuart made a highly favourable impression. Miss Stuart promises well.

**BOLTON.**—The friends and supporters of the Bolton Harmonic Society were invited to a performance at the Baths' Assembly Room on Monday evening last, and we were glad to see such a respectable and numerous audience. The Orchestra and Chorus were all residents of the town. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Vose, Messrs. Tyrrell, Ramsbottom, and Burroughs, all of whom acquitted themselves highly, and seemed to be fully appreciated by the company. We were pleased not only to see Mr. Horrocks in his place, as leader, but a number of respectable youths with their violins, &c. &c. The performance commenced with the overture to *Lestocq*, very creditably performed; followed by a madrigal, "My bonny lass she smileth," afterwards the finale to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mendelssohn. Bishop's "Daughter of Error," solo and chorus, was rapturously encored; in this Miss Vose gave a fair promise for the future. The madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," was also encored. The last piece in the programme was Locke's music to *Macbeth*, cleverly executed. The gradations from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* were carefully observed, and all the points taken up with precision,

thereby showing the performers in a fair state of discipline. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon our talented townsman, Mr. John Fawcett, Jun., who gratuitously acts as conductor, and bestows much valuable time for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. We are glad to hear that the committee intend repeatedly to have similar performances, open to all the subscribers and their families, and trust the Society may have a considerable increase to their funds, to enable them to carry out satisfactorily their praiseworthy efforts.—*Boston Chronicle*.

**LIVERPOOL.**—A new society has just been established under the title of the "Sacred Harmonic Society," for the purpose of giving performances of sacred music at the St. George's Hall when completed. Upwards of a hundred names have already been received as members of the amateur chorus, which is intended to consist of at least five hundred performers. C. D. Hackett, Mus. Bac., Oxon, is to be the conductor, and Dr. W. R. Bexfield, the organist—a most admirable appointment, as all musicians must allow. A new oratorio, entitled *The Passage of the Red Sea*, the words by Bishop Heber, has been composed by C. D. Hackett, Mus. Bac. Oxon. As this is, we believe, the first oratorio which has been composed by a resident professor, it has been suggested that it should be produced at one of the early performances of the New Sacred Harmonic Society.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

**IBID.**—The first subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society this year took place on Tuesday evening week. The vocal performers engaged were Miss Poole, Madame D'Anterny, Mr. Swift, and Sig. F. Lablache; also Sig. Giulio Regondi, the celebrated concertina player. The concert commenced with Haydn's symphony, No. 10, in E flat. The performance of the chorus elicited great applause. Special mention may be made of the madrigal by Gibbons, and the beautiful four-part song by Benedict, neither of which were allowed to pass without an encore. "The Violet" (Mendelssohn) was sung by Miss Poole with much taste; the other song we thought scarcely worth her notice. Mr. Swift obtained a merited encore in the cavatina from *I Lombardi*. A similar honour was awarded to him in "The Garland," by Mendelssohn, a beautiful composition. The former was effective, and the latter sung with delicacy and feeling. This gentleman's voice is a tenor, of fine quality and power. Madame D'Anterny's two cavatinas from *Robert le Diable* and *La Gazza Ladra* were received with great applause. The pretty duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was given by Miss Poole and Sig. F. Lablache in a very animated manner. Sig. Giulio Regondi's performances on the concertina were much applauded. The overture of *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn) commenced the second part, and went off with spirit. Sig. F. Lablache's rendering of the aria from *Don Giovanni* told well, as also the duo from *J'Elisir d'Amore* with Mr. Swift. In the trio from *Ernani*, Miss Poole's singing showed to much advantage. The entertainment concluded with Auber's overture to *Haydée*. This, and the other instrumental compositions, were given by the band with their accustomed efficiency. This concert was of a superior kind, and the audience altogether appeared highly pleased. Mesdames Weiss and Norman, and Messrs. Travers, Borrani, and Caulfield, have been playing in some well-known operas this week, at the Theatre Royal, to very thin houses. On Tuesday, when *Lucia* was given, the performance was not very pleasing, and until a little more care is manifested in the production of operas in this town, they will not be attractive. We are glad to see that the *Huguenots*, *Masaniello*, and *The Mountain Sylph* are to be produced, but if they are to succeed, a little more pains must be taken. No chorus can sing the difficult and dramatic effusions of Meyerbeer after one or two rehearsals, while *Masaniello* likewise abounds in choral effects, which require great musical skill. We are sure the Liverpool public will cheerfully support operatic performances, if they are only done as perfectly as possible. We do not expect Mr. Copeland to rival either Mr. Lumley, Mr. Gye, or even Mr. Bunn, but we must confess that we do not see why Liverpool should not be able to have as good operatic performances as third-rate towns on the continent. Each member of Mr. Copeland's present operatic corps possesses vocal talents of more than average respectability, but if they are inadequately seconded by band and chorus, the impression, the ensemble is usually disagreeable. On Thursday night Weber's *Der Freischütz* was performed at this theatre,

under the direction of Mr. E. F. Fitzwilliam, the principal parts being taken by Mrs. Weiss, Miss Norman, Mr. Travers, Mr. Borrani, and Mr. Caulfield; but we are sorry to say, notwithstanding, the devil was raised with due effect, and a proper quantity of blue fire, to rather a cold audience. But, if unwarmed by the opera, which was generally well performed, they were roused to applause by the clever ballet, the *Spirit of Fire*, arranged and produced by Signor Lauri. The Sprite was admirably acted by Mr. Huline; and the dancing of Mdile. Louise Blanche, Miss Corri, and Signor Lauri, everything that could be wished. The first lady has the advantage of a fine person and beautiful face. The lovers of music and admirers of dancing should encourage these efforts to provide for their entertainment, or they cannot expect them to be continued.—*Liverpool Mail*.

**GREAT GRIMSBY.**—Mr. Willy gave a concert at the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 16th ult., and was assisted by Mr. Frank Bodda, the vocalist, and Mr. John Willy, the pianist. The Hall was well attended; the concert being under the patronage of the Mayor. Mr. Willy, among other performances on the violin, executed a solo on a favourite English melody, composed for him by E. Perry, and the "Perpetual Motion" from Recollections of Paganini, with very great effect. Mr. Frank Bodda was favourably received in his songs, and Mr. John Willy, an excellent pianist, helped to vary the programme capitally.

**LEAMINGTON.**—(From a Correspondent, Feb. 26.)—Mr. Willy, the violinist, and Mr. C. J. Duchemin, the pianist, joined forces, and gave two concerts here last Friday, one morning and one evening. Miss Dolby, Mdile. Fanny Germain, and Mr. Frank Bodda, assisted as vocalists. A tolerable orchestral corps played selections from Beethoven, Mozart, and Donizetti, and the overtures to the *Barbiere* and *Masaniello*. Both concerts were well attended, and the artists were all received with much favour. Miss Dolby, especially, made a decided impression. Mr. Willy played admirably, and obtained great applause.

**HANLEY.**—On Friday evening, the 20th ult., Mr. Simpson's concert came off at the Town Hall, and we are happy to say was entirely successful. The attendance was very good. Seldom, if ever, has a concert in this locality given such unmixed satisfaction. The performers were not numerous, but select, as will appear by a slight notice of the leading points of interest. The concert opened with a pianoforte solo, composed by Thalberg, on themes from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, played by Miss Ellen Day, who exhibited fine feeling, elasticity of touch, and self-possession for which we were scarcely prepared. In the whole of her performances, and particularly in the accompaniments to the subsequent pieces, she proved herself an accomplished musician. Herr Reichart sang the aria from *Elijah*, "Then shall the righteous shine forth," in a very effective manner; but, as might have been expected, was much more at home in the German than the English. The transition from one language to the other seemed to emancipate him, and his style of singing became at once lively and energetic. Two German Lieder were given by him delightfully. A pleasing ballad, "Heed not those idle tales," was nicely sung by Miss Bassano, who well sustained her reputation, and the brilliant aria, "Stanca di più," was well delivered by Miss Cicely Nott, who received a hearty and deserved encore. The voice of this lady, if not very powerful, is sufficiently so for the room, and the facility of her execution is wonderful. The finishing performance, and the crowning glory of the first part was Signor Bottesini's solo on the contra-basso, on melodies from *La Sonnambula*. It would be difficult to describe this performance in terms which, to those who have not heard Signor Bottesini, would not appear grossly exaggerated. The breadth, boldness, and exquisite finish, the startling energy and lute-like softness, the rapid and playful execution, relieving a dignified and touching pathos, formed an ensemble which would seem far beyond the capabilities of the unwieldy instrument employed. On being brought back to his part by the spontaneous outburst of astonishment and delight from the whole of the gratified audience, Signor Bottesini, by the request of Mr. Simpson, played Paganini's "Carnaval di Venice," in a style of excellence and brilliancy of execution which would have delighted, and, we think, astonished, the prince of violinists himself. The second part of the concert

opened with a duet from Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, sung in a satisfactory manner by Miss Cicely Nott and Herr Reichart. This was succeeded by a solo on the violin, "La Melancholie," a graceful composition by Prune, performed by Signor Sivori, which was exquisitely played and rapturously encored. Then came Beethoven's aria, "In questa Tomba," sung by Miss Bassano, followed by Roch-Albert's Alpen song, "The Echo of Lucerne," characteristically and beautifully given by Miss Cicely Nott. And lastly, we had what will long be remembered as the grand feature of the evening, the duet for the contra-basso and violin, "La Fête des Bohémiennes," written by Bottesini, and played by Signor Bottesini and Signor Sivori. If the auditors were delighted with the separate performances of these gentlemen, they were entranced and spell-bound by the combination of their excellencies in this concluding effort.

**MANCHESTER.**—A dress concert was given in the Concert Hall on Tuesday, the 17th inst. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn. Madrigal, "The Silver Swan," Gibbons, 1600; Glee: Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips—"By Celia's arbour;" Horsley. Ballad, Mrs. Endersohn—"The Blind Boy;" J. L. Hatton. Glee: Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips—"Hence, all ye vain delights;" Webbe. Song, Mr. Lockey—"When midnight's darkest veil;" Lachner. Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lidel. Glee: Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips—"Under the greenwood tree;" Arne and Bishop. Glee: Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips—"Blest pair of sirens;" Stafford Smith.

PART II.—Symphony (in G minor), Mozart; Madrigal—"Flora now calleth;" S. Smith. Glee: Mrs. Endersohn, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips—"When winds breathe soft;" Webbe. New song, Miss M. Williams—"When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not;" Land (composed expressly for her). Glee; Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips—"Now the bright morning star;" Greville. Song, Mr. H. Phillips—"Return, revolting rebels;" Purcell. Madrigal—"Come let us join the roundelay;" Beale. Glee; Mrs. Endersohn, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, and Mr. H. Phillips—"Hand in Hand;" Dr. Cooke. Overture—"Le Nozze di Figaro;" Mozart.

The above programme presents a very striking contrast to the usual schemes for the dress concerts at the Concert Hall. The novelty could not but have been gratifying even to the foreigners present, for it gave them an opportunity of hearing English part music sung with a care and finish with which our native composers seldom have their compositions executed. *Morceaux*, or rather the best bits of some opera by Verdi, or other second-rate Italian, are sung by the first artists of the day in a manner which partakes of the advantage obtained by the English Madrigal and Glee Union, inasmuch as the parties have been singing them together perhaps fifty or a hundred times during the season, and obtain a success which is entirely to be attributed to the manner in which they are executed, or perhaps improved upon, by the vocalists. But here the comparison must cease. Whilst the music of which we have been speaking is rendered successful by the improvements of the singer, and is applauded because it is made the vehicle of some new and striking brilliancy of ornamentation, or some surprising *tour de force*, the English glee given on Tuesday night were left strictly to appeal for themselves, the text being always literally adhered to. We looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of hearing the party in a more suitable room than the Free Trade Hall, but our gratification was sadly interfered with by the tittle-tattle of a party of ladies and gentlemen behind us. At the Free Trade Hall, on the contrary, the falling of a pin might have been distinctly heard. As to the performances, we have little to add to previous reports: there was again that exquisite sympathetic (as it were) feeling which produced an effect of a single instrument rather than of several voices, so thoroughly did they blend together. Those unacquainted with the scores will scarcely be prepared to be told that some of the things executed with such ease and certainty contained difficulties which rarely allow of their being given without perceptible hesitation and some degree of wavering. The encores were

numerous and were sufficient, we should think, to induce the directors to repeat this kind of programme. The solos which produced the greatest impression were that by Miss Williams, in Mr. Land's sweet ballad, "When sorrow sleepeth, wake it not;" and the song by Purcell, which Mr. Phillips declaimed in fine style. The overture, *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn, was very effectively given; it seemed to go more smoothly than on a recent occasion. The spirited symphony, by Mozart, was also an energetic and successful performance; and the overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro* brought the concert to a conclusion about ten o'clock.—*Manchester Courier*, Feb. 21.

**STAND.**—The second of a series of subscription dress concerts was given on Wednesday evening week in the school-room belonging to All Saints' Church, in Pilkington, by Mr. Lawrence Goodwin, the organist. The room is well adapted for the purpose; and the attendance included the *élite* of the surrounding neighbourhood. The professional staff engaged for the occasion was numerous and well selected, some of them displaying abilities which deserve to be particularly noticed—the whole worthy of praise. The performance was under the direction of Mr. L. Goodwin, to whom, for the bill of fare and the materials of his orchestra and choir, the audience have expressed their thanks. It is his intention to continue these concerts at intervals, and we wish him every success.

**BATH.**—A crowded auditory, on Saturday last at the Pump Room, testified to the popularity of the Misses Collins, who were welcomed, on the occasion of their third visit during the present season, by a large portion of the musical cognoscenti of our city, who had made their acquaintance at previous concerts. They were exceedingly well received, and delighted their hearers by their skilful performances. The services of Mr. Salmon's band contributed to make up an excellent concert, and fully to sustain the repute which the series had so deservedly obtained. "At a large pennyworth pause awhile," says the old adage; but in the case of the "Concerts for the People" the wisdom of our ancestors is decided at fault. For not only is the recreation there provided *cheap*, but (what is rarely to be found combined with cheapness) it is *good*—good in quality, and abundant in quantity. The fourth concert was given on Monday evening, and a crowded room attested to the undiminished favour with which these entertainments are regarded amongst "the million." Long before the hour named, the door of the Guildhall was besieged by a dense crowd; and soon after seven o'clock the room presented a mass of human beings, amounting, at a rough guess, to about 1200, the great majority of whom consisted of working men and women, with a sprinkling of tradesmen, heads of commercial houses. Amongst the large and miscellaneous auditory, it was pleasing to observe the good humour and real politeness which everywhere obtained, although in some parts of the room the heat and pressure must with many have tried their powers of endurance. The programme of Monday night was exclusively vocal, and was selected with judgment from the compositions of British composers, amongst whom Sir H. R. Bishop stood conspicuous. It is not our intention to particularize. Suffice it to say that the services of Mrs. Millar, Mrs. Darby, Mr. Millar, Mr. Milsom, and the "gentlemen amateurs," were enthusiastically applauded, the compliment of an "encore" being the rule and not the exception. We have much pleasure in recording the complete success of this attempt to give "the people" a cheap and rational recreation. Mr. Melville has been sustaining a round of characters at the theatre, in the presence of very much smaller audiences than his talents entitled him to. He possesses something more than the elements of a good actor. Gifted by nature with a manly, well-developed figure, and the evidence of great physical energy, with a full round, sonorous, and musical voice, he has improved these advantages by training and practice, and has realised many of the qualifications of a great artist. A scholarlike judgment and discrimination have come to the aid of a memory evidently tenacious and reliable, while his voice is susceptible of all the modulations which the dictates of his taste or the exigencies of the scene require, and his delivery of the text is consequently exceedingly pleasing and effective. His carriage and deportment are firm, but graceful and easy, his attitude imposing yet unconstrained, and his knowledge of stage-business evidently,

profound. If exception might be taken,—not in the way of captious criticism, but with desire to indicate the single blemish of a style very far beyond mediocrity,—we should point to the excessive muscular tension,—(we doubt if we make ourselves intelligible)—which, during the rendering of impassioned passages, brings him too frequently upon his toe, and induces a restlessness, particularly of the right foot, which militates considerably against the finished excellence of the performance. With this small abatement,—Mr. Melville will do well to profit by a friendly hint,—his personations are as near good acting as anything we have recently seen: if we add that in the lighter parts of a character,—as for example in the early scenes of his *Claude Melnotte*,—the infusion of a little more buoyancy and *abandon* would bring the later portions of his transcript into stronger relief, we shall be only suggesting a slight alteration in the shading of a picture, the outline of which is sketched by a master-hand, and the filling-in evidences the possession both of genius and skill.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, Feb. 25.

**MONS. JAQUES' CLASSICAL QUARTET CONCERT.**—It is seldom that a provincial auditory have an opportunity of hearing quartets performed in such excellent style as at M. Jaques' concert on Saturday. The violins were M. Sainton and Mr. H. C. Cooper; tenor, Mr. Richard Blagrove; violoncello, Sig. Piatti. The programme opened with Mozart's quartet in D minor, No. 2, which, in the hands of such able executants, was rendered with a refinement of taste and a delicate discrimination which elicited the warmest approbation from an audience, comprising many of the *dilettanti* of the city and neighbourhood. A sonata, by Hummel, for two performers on the pianoforte, succeeded, and was most effectively played by M. Roekel and Jacques. Both of these well-known professors exhibited capabilities of a very high order, and amply sustained the reputation they have already acquired. The gems of the concert, to our thinking, were Mendelssohn's quartett in E flat, No. 3, Op. 44 (led by Mr. H. C. Cooper), and Spohr's solo quartet in E major (led by M. Sainton). It would be difficult to speak too highly of these triumphs of musical genius, or of the gentlemen who so ably presented the meaning of the composers to the minds of the audience. Words can convey no idea of the exquisite harmonies, or the rich and varied imaginings which succeeded one another as the various movements progressed. In the second part, Mr. Cooper (violin) accompanied M. Jaques on the pianoforte. M. Jaques also undertook the pianoforte in Beethoven's trio, which concluded the concert on each occasion his finished style was universally admired; Mr. R. Blagrove's fantasia on the concertina, played between the parts, also deserves mention, as a charming and well sustained performance.—*Bath and Cheltenham Gazette*, March 3.

### Miscellaneous.

**DEATH OF THOMAS MOORE.**—On Thursday, the 26th inst., at Sloperton Cottage, the last lingering period of this truly illustrious man's life came to a peaceful close. He had survived all his great contemporaries who started in the race of fame at the opening of the present century; but, as in the case of Sir Walter Scott and Southey, for some time back mere physical existence had outlived the glorious vitality of mind and genius. He was in the 72nd year of his age. His career was one of the most brilliant and felicitous in the proverbially checkered annals of his class. No "child of song" has been so uniformly fortunate and beloved. Wherever the language of these islands has penetrated, the winged words of his musical and magical minstrelsy have wafted his name, and endeared him to millions in both hemispheres. Byron's early appreciation of him as "the poet of all circles and idol of his own," has become as familiar as a household word; and by the tacit association of the terms in either individual, "melody" is as inseparable from the mention of Moore as "venerable" from that of Bede. Few men enjoyed through life such a splendid range of intercourse with all that is exalted in social refinement, intellect, rank, wit, or beauty; and few whose acquaintanceship was held more in honour for its worth, or more prized for its charm. This is not the place to indulge in critical

analysis of his poetical system, or to examine the principles of taste which guided the exquisite tracings of his ever active pen in every variety of composition; neither is there any room to recapitulate the leading incidents of his biography, which it has been his latest occupation to detail in the terse and modest prefaces of the Messrs. Longman's last complete edition. But we should have wished for space and fuller scope to dwell on the very important influence which his writings, from the very outset of the century, have exercised in forming the opinions of the generation now living, and imparting by the vigour of his sarcasm, the glow of his enthusiasm, the coruscations of his fancy, and the lightning of his wit, an amount of support to the cause of civil and religious liberty all over the world which no other man, be he who he may, has contributed. We may be allowed the melancholy latitude of associating with such an occurrence as the death of Moore, the ominous coincidence of a fall from power of those political friends who gloried in his approval, and availed themselves of his powerful co-operation in the "cause of mankind." His life-long connexion with Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell was patent to the world, and the intercommunion of sentiments between the statesmen and the lyrical interpreter of their views was constant and unalterable. Besides the many other points of resemblance in character and career, fearless independence, fervent love of country, scorn of scoundrel egotism, loathing and abhorrence of bigot rancour, the minstrel of Erin, and the veteran troubadour of modern Gaul, were both born in the year 1780. Beranger has versified the exact anno Domini of his birth:—

"Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misere

"En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre vingt,"

And on the 28th of May of that year, Dublin had the honour of Moore's nativity. Whether it will claim the privilege of receiving back his mortal remains, we know not; but we do know that his own expressed wish pointed to a resting-place in the quiet church-yard of the parish where he died.—*Globe*.

**A REPORTING MACHINE.**—Decidedly this is the patent age of new inventions. The *Aberdeen Herald*, of Saturday, notices a contrivance which we should fancy must be of a very curious kind. Truly does our contemporary say—"Many and strange as are the uses to which machinery is being adapted now-a-days, we question if it ever entered into the head of any man to adapt it to such a description of work as reporting for the press. Yet (he goes on) this has actually been accomplished by our ingenious townsman, Dr. Dewar, who has invented a machine, at one end of which the reporter's short-hand notes are placed, and at the other end of which—a few yards off—they are produced at the ordinary rate of speaking, in clear, bold, long hand, ready for being put into the hands of the printer. An experiment made on Thursday night (including the speech of Mr. Arthur, slightly condensed in our report of the Free Presbytery's meeting), was quite successful. To give an idea of the advantages that may be secured by this machine, we may mention that four columns of the type used for the reports by the *Times* may be produced comfortably in a couple of hours, by one reporter, whereas under the present laborious and cumbrous plan, nearly eight hours would be consumed in the task by an ordinary reporter." No hint is given regarding the construction of this extraordinary engine, which, if the testimonial given can be trusted, will be a fitting rival to "the calculating machine" upon which Charles Babbage has expended so much of his time and his substance.

**LOLA MONTES.**—Col. Bobo, the son and heir of the famous Prince Bobo, the Grand Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty Faustin I., the Emperor of Hayti, has visited New York with the hope of inducing Lola to make a visit to Hayti, and grace the Court circles there. He is said to be a splendid looking negro, six feet high and well-proportioned, and "is as black as the ace of spades."

**CITY OF LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ALDERSGATE STREET.**—On Tuesday week the amateurs gave Handel's *Judas Maccabeus*, in the theatre of the above institution, before a numerous and highly respectable audience. The band and chorus were complete, and numbered about 150 performers. Some of the chorusses were very nicely rendered, and with effect rarely met with in amateur societies. The vocalists were Miss

Eppy, Miss Bowden, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Crome, who severally sustained their parts in a creditable manner. At this concert we missed a young lady who sang at the last, under the name of Roper, and whom we have since recognized under the name of Crichton at Drury Lane Theatre. Perhaps, as she seems fond of changing her name, she may one day resume her own. This amateur society has for its object the bringing out of young artists, that thereby they may gain confidence to appear before the public, and certainly, by what we heard on Tuesday, we should say such was the case. The band and chorus were kept nicely together under the conductor, Mr. J. W. Coventry, who is a good musician, and fitted for his post. Mr. Perkins was leader, Mr. Ward, jun., trumpet, who was very effective in the solo "With honour let desert," &c. We have before had occasion to notice the organist, Mr. Hoskins, who sustained and kept up the choruses in a very praiseworthy manner. We congratulate the society upon having secured the services of Mr. Hoskins upon this occasion as upon the former. The newly-designed orchestra was used, and since the last concert has undergone further improvements under the hand of the designer, Mr. James Elliott. It is to be hoped that this young society may continue to go on and prosper.—(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

**ST. DAVID'S DAY.**—(Heb DDUW, heb DDIM—DUW, a DIGON.)—The anniversary festival of St. David's Day was celebrated on Monday by the members of the most honourable and loyal Society of Ancient Britons. Divine service was performed in the afternoon in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the service being read in the Welsh language by the Rev. Ebenezer Edwards, chaplain to the society. The rev. gentleman was followed by His Grace the Bishop of Manchester, in a most eloquent sermon, from the text, St. Luke, c. ii., v. 46, 47. In the evening the anniversary dinner took place—Col. the Hon. E. G. Douglas Pennant, M.P., presiding, supported by the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis, Col. the Hon. Rice Trevor, M.P., the Right Rev. the Bishop of Manchester, Col. Wood, M.P., the Hon. R. Clive, M.P., Mr. J. Williams, M.P., and about one hundred and twenty other gentlemen. The healths of "Her Majesty," "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," as head of the Principality, and "H.R.H. Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal Family," having been drunk with all the honours, the Chairman proposed "Col. Wood and the Army and Navy." Col. Wood, M.P., returned thanks. The next toast was "The Bishop of Manchester and the Clergy." The Bishop of Manchester, in a most eloquent address, expressed the great gratification he felt. The children of the Welsh Charity School, in whose aid this festival is held, or rather 196 out of the 197 now in the school—one only being absent from illness—having marched round the room, and sung an ode of thankfulness for their care and education, written by Miss Florence Wilson, the Chairman proposed prosperity to the Welsh Charity School, which he was happy to state that their funds had so far recovered, that they were enabled to receive in the school the full number of children for which it was established—200—and he trusted that the gentlemen present that evening would, by their liberality, enable the committee to maintain the school in its full efficiency (Cheers). The health of the Chairman having been drunk, that of the President and Vice-President of the Society was given, amidst loud cheers. The Hon. Col. Rice Trevor, M.P., returned thanks, and bore testimony to the excellent management of the institution. After various other appropriate toasts had been drunk, a list of donations, amounting to close upon 1,000*l.*, was read, including her Majesty, 10*l.*; the Chairman, 10*l.*; the Hon. Col. Rice Trevor, M.P. 52*l.* 10*s.*; Sir W. W. Wynn, M.P., 52*l.* 10*s.*; Sir C. Morgan, 50*l.*; the Right Hon. the Earl of Powis, 31*l.* 10*s.*; Lord Kenyon, 26*l.* 5*s.*, &c. &c. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Brinley Richards, who gave his services gratuitously, and performed fantasia on the pianoforte, on Welsh themes, introducing the airs "Of noble race was Shenkin," "Lady Owen's delight," and "The rising of the lark." Mr. Richards' treatment of the subject was thoroughly artistic; his touch was replete with delicacy and brilliancy, and his left-hand passages remarkable for their strength and precision. Mr. Richards, whilst following the naturality of the melodies, also introduced a

number of variations, characterized by fancy and imagination. Mr. Swift also contributed his services, and was encored in "All is lost," from *La Sonnambula*, which, notwithstanding the favour of the audience, and the freshness of his voice, is altogether out of his style. Miss Louisa Pyne had promised to appear, but was prevented by a severe hoarseness. Her place was filled by her sister; and Miss Ransford was received with enthusiastic applause. Mr. Harker officiated as toast-master, and the evening's amusements, which were not brought to a close until past eleven o'clock, passed off with the utmost *eclat*.—*Morning Post*.

**MISS REBECCA ISAACS.**—By some mistake in our notice of the Ash Wednesday Concert at Exeter Hall last week, this young lady's name was omitted, and Miss Eyles substituted as having sung and being encored in Loder's song of "Come buy my flowers." We hasten to make the *amende* to Miss Rebecca Isaacs, whose talent we have always acknowledged.

**SUSSEX HALL.**—Mr. George Perren gave a vocal and instrumental concert at the above hall, on Wednesday, when a large audience attended. There was some good and some indifferent music. Amongst the former may be mentioned a new ballad by Miss Poole, "Are you as happy now," which narrowly escaped a double encore, and Arne's celebrated song, "The Soldier tir'd (by desire) by Miss Ransford, which elicited great applause. Miss Poole's "Pray Goody," was also amongst the best efforts of the evening, and Miss E. Jacobs displayed much taste in the Page's song by Meyerbeer, "My Lords, I salute ye." Mr. Rea presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. G. Case performed with his wonted ability on the concertina; and, altogether, Mr. G. Perren had every reason to be satisfied with the marked approval and patronage of the audience.

**LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Exeter Hall was filled on Friday evening, the 27th Feb., the performance being Handel's *Samson*, under the conduct of Mr. Surman, who first revived this oratorio, November 14, 1838, when conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The principal vocalists were, Mr. Bennet, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. J. O. Atkins, Madame F. Lablache, Mr. Donald King, and Miss Birch. Miss Jenkins and Miss Allen also took part in the concerted music. Miss Dolby, as usual, was admirable "Let the bright Seraphim," was a brilliant piece of vocalisation, by Miss Birch, Mr. Harper's trumpet adding greatly to the effect. It were to be wished that the audience would remain and hear the last chorus of an oratorio which, in *Samson*, is one of the best; but we do hope that, on another occasion, the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus will not leave the orchestra till the performance is over.—*From a Correspondent*.

**EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN MELODY.**—A friend of mine told me that he travelled with a party about four years in the wilds of America for the purpose of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Indian customs, manners, music and melody. After having been out for some length of time without meeting with those beautiful specimens of Indian melody he had heard so much spoken of, he one day unexpectedly met with a tribe of Indians who were going to travel on the same track with them for some time; this he thought would be a very favourable opportunity of gaining the information he wanted. He accordingly intimated his wish to the chief, who expressed himself highly delighted to find that he could gratify his curiosity, and immediately gave a signal for one of the warriors to commence the melody. He accordingly arose and began moving his head backward and forward, his body at the same time rising and falling, and he making the most extraordinary gesticulations, looking eagerly first on one side and then on the other, (my friend could not understand the meaning of this singular symphony, but was told that it was to represent a scout on the look-out for a war party); in a short time he intimated that he had discovered the enemy by the short sound *ugh*, which put all the warriors on their guard, and then commenced what they termed the war melody, all joining the spy with the most dreadful yells, which, when performed by the whole party in full chorus, was truly terrific, and perfectly satisfied him that he would find those beautiful and simple melodies with a more peaceful tribe.—*From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Music*.

## Advertisements.

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Hungarian National Music, published by you, and performed by my Hungarian orchestra, viz., polkas, marches, quadrilles, waltzes, mazurkas, &c., are the only genuine copies published, being exactly as I have arranged them for, and as performed by, my Hungarian Band.

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FIRST PERFORMANCE this season of this eminent classical pianist will be at ELLA'S FOURTH WINTER EVENING, Thursday, March 11, in a Sonata, by Beethoven; Trio in C minor, by Mendelssohn; and Solos, by Chopin, &c. Herr Molique, Piatto, &c. will play—Quintet in C, Mozart; and Spohr's double Quartet in E minor. Signor Marras will sing. All free tickets, except those of hon. members of the Musical Union, will be suspended for the remainder of the season. M. Leonard and Mds. Leonard are engaged for the two last evenings. A subscription for the three concerts one guinea; single tickets 7s. each, to be had of Cramer and Co., for the fourth and fifth; and half-a-guinea for the director's grand union of talent at the sixth and last of the series.

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